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5 after five

PREFACE

"To write a poem - a story or an essay - requires an extra effort, and the student may not feel that it is worth the extra effort just to see his name in print or to feel that he is mixing with the literati. In all probability he is also justified in thinking that his contribution will never appear in an anthology of Major British Writers or even Major Canadian Writers. But such motives for writing, if not altogether rare, are irrelevant.

...Most of the writing of any age will pass into oblivion. That does not mean it is of no consequence. It may be of great value to the men and women of the time. Contemporary writing is not just the record of what people have thought and felt, but an exploration into the ways of thinking and feeling that are necessary or possible to the people of that age.

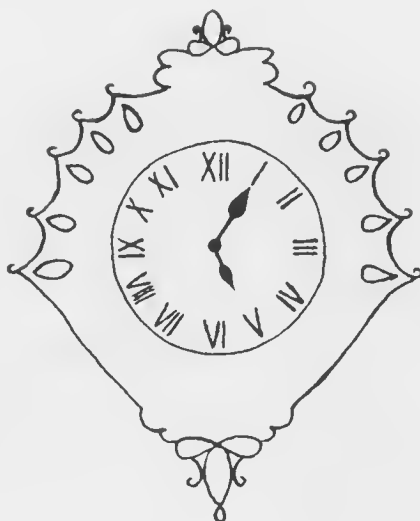
...So why shouldn't everyone write, not to contribute works of art to some literary showcase, but to realize more fully his own inner life - to articulate more clearly, in jest or in earnest, the potentialities of human experience."

The above is taken from an open letter written by D. G. Jones (Canadian poet and professor) to *The Mitre*, a student publication much like *5 After Five*. If you wonder why we have bothered to collect and publish this volume of art, photography, and writing, the answer is there. *5 After Five* makes no claim to greatness, but it is written by your contemporaries, and it hopefully contains something that will interest or even delight you.

This issue is quite different than the first one; better, we would like to think, but both are experimental; we are groping towards a broader concept. In doing this we need help; not only in the form of the initial contributions, but also in letters of criticism, and - should the occasion arise - praise. In either case, the address is Box 140, University of Saskatchewan.

Many people have worked to make this *5 After Five* what it is, far too many to list, but we will take this opportunity to gratefully thank all those that did help us out in one way or another. Special mention should be made of those who contributed; our only regret is that due to the large amounts received, and the factor of finances, we were not able to use more of the very good material received. This creates an excellent chance to remind you that we will be asking for contributions for our second issue very shortly.

We are pleased to present this *5 After Five*, and we will keep you no longer from reading through it. Happy wanderings!



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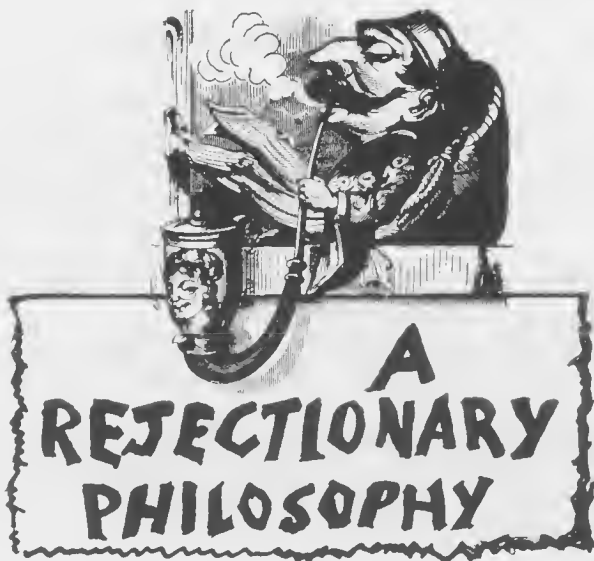
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A REJECTIONARY PHILOSOPHY

we are the cool generation. . . .
we are deep and significant. . . .
we are not old fashioned
we are not inhibited with the
 opposite sex
we do not feel pain no matter
 how much it hurts
we do not deplete our bodily fluids
 by licking stamps
we demand the abolition of Regina
we demand low cost housing for rats
we dig the new cuni-art form
 "finger-printism"
we dig the à go go sounds of snow
 white and the seven grapes
we believe psychometric professors
 are our salvation
we believe the ultimate is uniting
 the soul with "eat me" cookies
we favor the reading of our philoso-
 phy in embalming schools
we favor the suppression of the
 illegal coke traffic
we support universal finkage
we support a vote of no-consequence
 over the governments' stands
we are the cool generation. . . .
we are deep and significant. . . .

Ken Bowman

GREAT SALVE LAKE

Briefly, the skies are burnished bronze at night,
Spinning a filigree about the sun,
Long then, but dying in the lightened west,
An ash of day, portent of things to come.

Weeping across the moss-encrusted land
Wild flowers kneel, submitting to the night,
Imprisoned in their grave of pulpy earth,
The eyes of life, void of a trenchant sight.

Primeval rock looms in the folding dark,
Lost in tales that rise from the wailing dust,
Of the passing of man and beast and Nature's breed
That came and left in chains of wanderlust.

The sheep's wool clouds begin their lazy stroll
Over a sky-hung slice of icy light,
And vague stars wink wild stories of the past
Broken by the inconstancy of flight.

Stretches of sand that meet with rock and sky
Are etched with fossils carried on the waves
To lie in virginal wait for seeking eyes
To capture what their history engraves.

Over the picture of this perilous state
The great lake watches, patience found in time,
It laps the soul of soil that it deemed birth
And fed and nurtured from primordial slime.

This land has sought me as I sought the land.
A captor triumphed in its eerie hold
Over the minds and hearts of all who hear
The singing of its life and death, its gold.

Carroll Klein

ALWAYS APPLY IN PERSON

Nothing in this world terrifies me quite so completely as application forms; they are one of the few things in life which have never ceased to plague me. Upon seeing one, any composure I might lay claim to deserts me, and my first impulse is to give up all hope of obtaining whatever it is I am applying for. Gradually, a recklessness approaching inebriation overcomes me; I seize the frustrating paper and begin to fill it out.

My confidence begins to return as I whip off the answers to what my name, address, age, and sex are; and I even usually make it past telephone number; writing all these cautiously, in as beautiful script as possible for one of my limited capabilities. Pausing to gain breath and courage before plunging on, I inevitably notice the directions which I had not read, and which invariably state: "Please Print". A moment of sheer panic follows, during which suicide seems the happiest alternative, until I recall a means by which I can get another form. I recommence - with a print that would have made my grade two teacher proud.

The forms seem to be out to get me. They ask for my mother's name, which I can't spell; and my brother's middle name, which I can't remember. They want my signature, which I gaily print, and only in horrifying moment of truth recall that most signatures are written. They ask for my social insurance number, when I don't even know if I have such a thing. Some question I cannot answer at all, and I do one of two things to hide this. Sometimes I make a highly intellectual scribble which could be interpreted as whatever they like, and even be given symbolic meanings; and sometimes I just say 'maybe', which strikes me as being a fairly topical answer in about any situation.

The section at which I excel is the one which demands the year, month, and day of birth. Fairly often I put the year it actually is rather than the one in which I was born, crediting myself with an age of plus or minus a couple of months. This probably makes things a lot clearer to whoever it is that reads the form; for they can finally understand why it has been making so little sense.

I have been speaking of application forms in general, though there are actually two very distinct types. The first consists of several very long pages of paper and demands your life history - in full - and not only that, but they usually want three copies of it! The epitome of all such forms was one I received from the University of Alberta. They weren't content with asking how many were in your grade eleven class, and whether you had gone to a private or public school, but went on to probe your health and sex life. I didn't quite send that one back. Such forms always contain two or three questions which I can answer in a sentence, but they have left room for a paragraph at least. I scratch my head until, in desperation, I fill in the space with a short story, a descriptive paragraph, or anything else that comes to mind.

The second and perhaps even more deadly type is the concise, stiff piece of cardboard which is NOT to be bent or folded, and, need I say it, is usually crushed before I even start to fill it out. These often ask for the city and state in which I live. My innate sense of honesty (hmm) and desire for com-

plete accuracy places upon me the obligation not only to cross out 'state' and try to cram 'province' in on top, but also to add the country, and this usually runs into the space indicated for my religious affiliations. This doesn't really worry me; if they want to think that my religion is 'Canada', they can go ahead. At least it is one way of getting an awkward blank filled in.

I could go endlessly on about the vagaries of such questionnaires, which seem to have the sole purpose of devising categories into which I do not fit, but suffice it to say that I have never yet received anything I have applied for!

Judy Mason

* * * * *

THE WAY I HEARD IT

Thats like washing your feet
with rubber boots on, they said
In low voices so their mistakes wouldnt overhear
So, I put on my rubber boots
and went to the place
where everybody washed their feet
And, you guessed it
My feet didnt get very clean

But I didnt get athletes foot either

J. Davis

THE CANDLE OF LIFE

A candle glows in the dark
stark, naked a body bared of flesh.

A candle throws shadows on the wall
dark, black, grotesque ones.

A story of life.

Weird dances
in black and white.

No meaning
no ending

The continuous dance of life
on a bare white wall.

Dagmar Wiss



PART ONE: THESIS

Godikin

The life of my web
is one sticky thread
os plod plod I along.

Yeo, other poths,
but, other captives;
moreover,
i am i
and con pretend no other
dung-hidden poth.
Blame me not
for being as i om,
a possive creation,
"not my will
but Thine!"
dead before birth.

What had no waters
eroded
my rapid skull?
Dirty forehead
or dirty soul?

Even brother fly,
garbage-born,
garboge-bred,
web-choice hod.
And i?

We plod,
moaning
our uncertoin hosannas,
trying—not trying,
ovoiding—never ovoiding
long-armed
retributive
justice
ought-bespectocled
Giver of death-life.

O Spider,
put on your glosses.

PART TWO: ANTITHESIS

Gestolt

No
time for
breoth head-
long down-
hill
oh my brain
bounds
ond tongue can
not catch up

Yeo one smoll
leaf
in leisure
extro-
verting
oh can not
be coerced
by sun
wind blost
or fellow foliage oh
my coreless
palsied flesh
do-donce in-
out of beat
no workodoy
o-rhythmic
screaming
songs of
worship
my forever horn
doth wind its
woy along
my own
long forest corridor.

Oh omen sometime
if time can end.

PART THREE: SYNTHESIS

I, Mon

It motters not.
I was created.
I lived my life.
I died.

Ed Hall



NON-AFFINITY

From the low ridge which the man had just reached, an old and ruined structure could be seen, isolated, the only concrete thing in the surrounding void. He guessed it to be an ancient fortress created, perhaps, by some extinct mesopotamian race, during one of their extended expeditions to the Red Sea. Built strongly, against the almost continuous onslaught of savage Bedouin tribesmen, it had probably been a point of sojourn on the long caravan route.

Contrary to what he imagined about fortresses, the position of this one was almost centred in a wide, flat, slightly sunken basin, and not at all on a high vantage point which was supposed to be the common feature of a stronghold. On the ridge, the elevation had given him the sudden feeling of lord over this tiny world of the basin with its mighty castle happily smiling upon the return of its master, after a long day's travel. But, as he left the ridge, and descended toward the old fortress, its smile had gone. The traveler now looked around himself, hesitatingly, as though he were the object of some great design. It grew warmer in the basin where the breeze, that had coursed its way along the ridge, did not provide any force below that barrier. The heavy outer garment that had protected him from the rays of the high sun, for most of the day, now caused him discomfort. He turned his head around and noticed his tracks where his boots had cut deeply into the smooth, clean, white sand. It reminded him of the first soft snowfall of the year which caused a metamorphosis of color in the black regions of Birmingham. He always rose early on such mornings after the magical results. He wanted to see the clean white countryside before the first troupe of miners plodded their way to their black burrows, marring and tearing the white skin of the earth-lady unveiling her hideous nature, transformed as such through crude exploitation. And was he any different? He distrusted the lady; he distrusted them all; this distrust meant non-affinity, non-affinity while he walked, non-affinity while he left tracks.

He smiled as he thought of his position now; he laughed to himself. He was weary; he thought of the huge bed he used to sleep in, back home. He thought of his pet canaries; he once had some young ones. The parents hatched and reared them, then when they were older they picked and pushed the old ones from the nest, keeping it for themselves.

He wondered how the human mind functioned. It puzzled him the way the mind moved irregularly here and there, like a hummingbird he once saw that flitted from one lilac plant to another. It arrived delicately and remained briefly, at each plant touching on none in particular, leaving perfect that sense of perfection.

He had almost reached the fortress now. It cast hardly any shadow on the left side. The shiny white wall on the front facing him, which stood out like a crown pearl, was amazingly brilliant. It reflected the heat tremendously; its brilliance hurt his eyes; he turned his face toward the sun, closed his left eye and looked directly into that inferno with the other. It was an old habit. This molten virus expanded like a plague, eating away at the clean, azur sky above.

Ha, he laughed almost aloud, the sun was not like this back home. The sun gives life in order to take it, he mused. As he turned away from the sun,

he thought he caught it frowning. Ha, he laughed, reflectingly, I have cheated the playful experimenter. He was pacing himself rapidly, now, along the wall, toward the thin shade of the left side. He remembered how, as a boy, he had smiled gleefully as he held one of his father's matches over a bug which tried painfully to crawl toward a rock, not far in front of it. Each time, as the bug almost reached its destination the boy would pull it back and begin again the trial. But, catching him, his father crushed the bug under his foot and swatted the boy for having the matches.

He edged his way along the ancient wall, keeping within its shade, observing the edge of the shadow, almost playfully daring to bend his body forward from its straight position, so that his head and shoulders would break the even shadow line. Looking ahead in the direction which he moved, he stopped abruptly; his whole body winced, half surprised, half frightened; for a moment he became paralyzed; then after what seemed a painfully long period, he froze straight against the fortress, jerking back the end of his rifle which he had allowed to slip past the edge of the entrance, while he had been observing the shadow of the wall. He realized that, even with all his training, his reaction was no better than that of a typical school girl. Another thought occurred to him almost before the first was completed – the end of his weapon may have caused notice from within the portal. With a movement produced as a result of more than two years on the eastern front, the soldier slid his back down the wall, along the length of the portal's edge, so that he terminated this movement in a squat position. With the same expedient manner, he forced his body to the right, and thus across the edge of the entrance, by pushing on his left leg and pivoting himself about with his right. With the trigger portion of his rifle in his left hand and the butt of the weapon across his left knee, he proceeded to use the stock and barrel of the gun, above his right hand, to catch the edge of the portal. This helped him in his about-face maneuver. Even while he spun around, he threw himself forward flat on his stomach and chest. There he lay, face down, with the weapon of death clenched tightly in both hands.

The pleasant cool air within the semi-dark corridor provided him with such a feeling of relief from the hot, dry atmosphere outside that he looked above himself to see if there were not some sort of huge cooling fans like he had seen in Aden. Then he smiled to himself – of course, there were always cooling systems in old fortresses in the middle of the Nefud.

Ahead of him, at the end of the long corridor, a second portal was discernible. He raised himself up on one knee, slowly, then on the other foot; finally, he stood up. He looked behind himself, momentarily, then walked carefully forward along the wall. Reaching the portal he stepped quickly through it, glancing to his right and left sides at the same time. He found himself in front of a set of stairs. He could not see where they ended, because of a wall which descended part way over their opening. He looked back again, saw the clear corridor behind himself, then bent down to get a better view of the tunnel-like passageway. It was even darker than the corridor, except for a bright, wide stream of light which broke the darkness some distance down. It struck across the tunnel floor and along the wall, displaying the greyish-brown sandstone which made up that portion of the tunnel. It seemed to him even cooler in this passageway. The tunnel appeared to des-

ced, continually. As the soldier reached the environs of the light-stream, he felt as though it were meant to be a web to trap any creature that dared pass it and to guard whatever secret that lay at the extreme pitch-black end of the place. For the soldier, it was a secret that would remain as such; in any case, at least he knew where the cool air had been emitted from.

Not taken by surprise, this time, he simply removed his headpiece and peered around the corner of the portal, as he reached it. Before him, lay a second flight of stairs, quite short. From the opening above, the sun of the midday shone once again, with full force, upon his garment. He mounted the stairs in rapid fashion, shading his eyes as he reached the exit.

Glancing to his right and left, he saw the interior of the old fortress, very different than he imagined it to be. Much larger from within than from the ridge outside, the walls seemed a great deal taller, the base a great deal wider. Long narrow openings had been constructed all around the top of the old walls, which he noticed immediately. He had not observed them from the outside. They may have been used as openings from which archers could have shot their arrows at the enemy, he supposed. Here and there near the top of the walls were large gaping holes from which cracks extended almost to the foundations. Evidence he imagined of heavy seige-engines at work, although he knew that it was probably the result of some cannon-fire of a later era. The dirty brown and black portions of the front wall, appeared much different than the brilliant white on the outside. Probably, the sun had deceived him, he thought. Huge stone steps lead up to the great wooden battlements supported by wooden pillars and reinforced with rocks and some granite stone. The granite surprised him, it must have been carried a great distance, he imagined. Along the wall, here and there, were small mud cabins; perhaps, a form of barracks, he guessed. Most of them were more than half in ruins, even though they too were reinforced with stone.

Looking behind himself over the chute-like opening of the stairs, from whence he had arrived, he was amazed at the rising dune of sand. Such dunes, he knew, were not common in this portion of the desert, where crevices, mountains and, indeed, even water occurred more frequently. It was only on second thought that he wondered what had happened to the forth wall of the ancient structure. Only broken edges clinging to the right and left walls, gave evidence that there had been a wall there at all.

To his right, a large square mud building was situated, slightly to one side of the old fortress, almost against the right wall. The soldier stepped slowly toward this new curiosity. Then he became aware of the small entrance, near one end of the building. A wooden door hung awry from the crude frame of the doorway. The door was forced outward, although, it had, obviously, been constructed to open in the opposite direction. The soldier, realizing his vulnerable position, in front of the open doorway, immediately proceeded in a jogging manner to this entrance, hesitated a moment, then stepped inside.

It was a large seemingly empty room, except for the two figures on each side of the place. On the left, sat a man behind a small wooden table, obviously a soldier, about forty years old or thereabout. Blond haired, slightly bald, or so this impression was given, due to the receding hair, the skin very light, with dark lines on the forehead and cheeks, the whole facial appear-

ance gave the impression of a child that had grown old too early. Well built, the man's biceps were quite visible through the tattered sleeves of the infantry uniform, which was also open on the front exposing the man's smooth, almost hairless, chest. The man's trousers were only partly visible behind the table. They seemed equally tattered; however, the boots the soldier wore were surprisingly new looking. In the upper left hand corner of the table was a small folder of papers, quite neat. The man's left elbow on the table, his clenched hand held up his leaning head, giving the impression of a very tired individual. His blue eyes, however, seemed extremely alive and yet, at the same time, quite cold. His right hand toyed with an empty tin cup, while on the right of this sat a large bottle of what appeared to be poor vintage wine, now almost gone.

Glancing to the right side of the room the new arrival perceived a much smaller man, about five foot six or so, and very thin. He was squatting on the floor against the wall. His uniform, like the other man's, was tattered. He appeared to be somewhat darker than the other, but only about twenty five years of age. His hair was short and curly, and his ears seemed to extend out rather peculiarly, which gave the man a somewhat ludicrous appearance. Only the soldier's face was dark; his neck had remained white. The man, therefore, had been accustomed to wearing his collar well up. It seemed as though the soldier was wearing a mask, behind which the dark eyes darted swiftly, stopped, then began again their irregular movement giving to this man the appearance of instability. By his side, leaning against the wall was a rifle of new army issue.

Both men stared, mouths open, at the new arrival. He appeared to them to be of average height, or perhaps, a little taller, perhaps, six feet or so. He gave the impression of having a frame more husky than it really was. It was difficult to tell for certain under his tunic. His dark complexion and slightly long hair almost caused him to be mistaken for a Bedouin. But his face, tinged slightly red from the elements, placed him, ultimately, as white. His complexion was not as dark as the man's on the floor. The two men carefully eyed the new arrival as he raised his left hand and slowly replaced the arabic tarboosh that he had removed in the tunnel.

A silence fell upon the lot, a silence that for the moment had displaced all thought with a vacuum of muteness. It numbed the mind of the new arrival; it became distasteful to him, this silence; he had for the past two days, allowed his mind to remain active. He had allowed a chain of thoughts to usher forth - no particular unity among these thoughts, just a millenia of thoughts which he could agree with or contradict as he pleased. Now he was hampered by these outsiders. He would not be able to remain silent for any length of time without them pillaging his mind, prying out his thoughts, demanding to know his secrets. He could not remain to himself long without them challenging him. He knew how they would react - the law was universal.

The small thin man against the wall reached for his rifle. The new arrival realized his precarious position and the confusion which his clothing must have created. Seeing the movement of the small man, the soldier at the entrance reacted swiftly by replying in a slightly high voice, "I'm British, corporal Marcel DeTambre, 83rd ground infantry, under General Cooke."

"British, with a name like that?" asked the little man.

"My father was British of French parentage."

"Typical sort of clever remark from Keyes," the man at the table muttered to himself. "Well, perhaps, this new card is an improvement." While reaching for the bottle with his right hand, he scratched his forehead with his left, then began pouring out what remained of the wine. Looking straight at Marcel he said, "Sorry I can't offer you any of this fine port, but I need the little that remains. It's for my cough, you know." Then, after a moment's hesitation, he continued, "There'd be more, but Keyes here, drank it all."

"Now you know that's a lie; that's a damn lie," Keyes replied in a jerky manner, gulping in deep breaths between each phrase. Pausing briefly to catch his breath, he continued, "And you know it too, You know darn well that you drank it all."

"Alright, alright, Keyes," replied the soldier, at the table, waving his hand in Keyes's direction, as if he somehow hoped the small man would vanish.

"My name is Ronald Glenn," the soldier continued. "The insignias on my lapel and arm indicate my rank to be colonel. So, I outrank you Mr. De Tambre, and my first command is that you come in, sit down, and rest a bit. In fact, you may be resting here quite some time, since there's not really any place to go. It was so easy coming up, eh Mr. DeTambre? I mean with the supply wagons and all. But what do you do when there is no longer any supply wagons, no longer any rations or water? Speaking of water, is there any left, in that thing?" As Glenn spoke, he pointed to the water-bag that hung from Marcel's waste. It was a large bag about half full.

"I have a little," Marcel replied. "Have you none?"

"No."

"Here." Marcel handed the bag to Glenn who drank only a small portion. Glenn paused a moment with the bag in his hand. He looked into Marcel's eyes questioningly. Marcel smiled in that rather innocent looking way which is universal and which often causes another person to unconsciously revert to that compassionate nature he never thought he possessed. Glenn handed the bag back to Marcel. Marcel handed it to the man sitting on the floor. The man grabbed the bag rather rudely and drank with deep and swift gulps, then returned it to Marcel. Marcel looked at the man a moment, hesitated, then stepped back. He hesitated again, still looking at the man. A silence fell, for an instant, upon the three men. It embarrassed Marcel, but before it could readily take effect, producing that common atmosphere of uneasiness that descends upon people in a room who feel as though they are able to read one another's minds, Glenn's words filled the empty chamber. "You might thank him Keyes. As a gentleman you might thank him. But I suppose that's the answer, isn't it, Mr. Keyes, Private Emmet Daniel Keyes? Well, as a gentleman, it's your own business, but as a soldier, he's your superior."

"Oh, all right Glenn, shut up will you? Let me be," Keyes answered with short, jerky breaths.

"And, I'm also your superior," Glenn snapped back, pounding his fist on the table. "If you were a good soldier and a gentleman..." The sentence was never completed since Keys interrupted, screaming, "Who in the hell are you trying to fool, anyway, Glenn? You know well enough that your great ideals of army discipline and your Eton-like mannerisms don't mean a damn



thing, here."

"What do you mean? You're the one that went to Eton. You're the one that spent his time in the silver-lining of our society, whose old man was so well established financially, and otherwise, that you never had to worry about scraping up enough shillings to keep yourself in clothing and food - both of which had to last, God knows how long. You never had to do any sort of work until you got into the army. You thought your old man would conveniently keep you out of the real work and the real business of learning and practising how to stay alive when you are in rags. You thought you'd get a big fat comfortable commission, didn't you? Well, you sure got a surprise, didn't you, when the army sent you down here? And speaking of the army, the army is the army wherever you are and its disciplines are in effect wherever you are. That means right here, and you'll do what you are told or I'll see to it that you are court-martialed, or something similar."

"Court-martialed?" Keyes questioned and then began to laugh loudly with a touch of hysteria. "Court-martialed?" he repeated. "Well, if you can find enough personnel around here to form a court..." he said pausing. "I'll tell you what I think. It was the army that got us into this mess. I had never in my life seen a more incompetent undertaking than that damn gamble of trekking the length of the Red Sea, three hundred miles from its coast. And for what? So we could get the hell blasted out of us at the Jordan!"

"There was no other way to get at the bak of the Turks," Glenn interrupted, "And, if we'd of had a little more shell power and a few more big guns, it would have been different. If our organization was incompetent, it was probably because of the likes of you."

"Oh yes, that's the answer, isn't it?" said Keyes. "Just a few more shells and a few more guns and our generals could have gone a little bit further and could have had a few more units mutilated. And as for my incompetence, I imagine that I can line the sights and squeeze the trigger about as well as anyone, but I doubt that such actions will provide me with human relationships. I can kill all the enemy off, but what do I do when it's all over? Who do I go to when there is no one left?"

"Why do you have to go to anyone? If you were any sort of man you'd find yourself solving your own difficulties," replied Glenn.

"I'll remember that next time we're low on water. The last water was mine if I recall. I didn't notice you solving your own difficulties then," returned Keyes, looking full into Glenn's eyes.

In the distance, the sudden, heavy sound of cannon fire produced the death knell to the futile, and somewhat ridiculous argument. The three men looked at one another portraying, at the same moment, that comprehensive appearance which only people, who are about to converge on a similar course, are able to possess.

"So, they have begun again," Glenn responded in a knowing manner. "I pity the poor bastards under that."

"How far away do you suppose the guns are?" said Keyes who, still trembling with anger from the argument, directed the question toward Marcel.

"I would imagine, that they are about an hour behind us," replied Marcel.

A silence again fell upon the lot. Each, at that moment, wished to al-

low his thoughts to pass on alone, by one great abyss after another, by one great mountain after another, within the vast regions of the mind. The thoughts of each of the men strove to ascend the highest peaks, to span the widest crevices, perhaps, somehow desiring that they might draw out their feeble concrete existence to a fine thread of ineptness - to a fine thread of ineptness, so that this existence would no longer inhibit the unconscious desire of each man - a desire to be part of a setting where obstruction could not exist. For, what does the law of obstruction suggest? It is, that all the difficulties of conflict are dependent upon the concrete law of obstruction, and, thus, of objection because of the physical impossibility of double possession. What can be done then to apply the abstract existence in a multi-dimensional form of utility, to the intellectual setting, rather than the present concrete existence of which the form of utility being physical, is useless to that setting? And, at that point Marcel thinks of the words of one great philosopher who wrote, "By what basis need we interject the characteristics of solidity in the multitudinal dimensions of the mind? Let us create the needs of our existence within one of the many dimensions of the complex mental setting. It is, of course, upon the needs of our existence, that we are dependent upon a relationship to the organic and inorganic entities. It is upon these entities that we base our abstract concepts. It is especially the basic requirements of the biological entities, both the inferior and the equivalent, that concrete convergence is ultimately necessary. We, inaccurately, allow these requirements to effect our abstract natures and afterward believe a form of convergence need apply to these natures, just as they apply to the concrete."

Marcel looked up at Glenn. Glenn averted Marcel's glance. Glenn stared at the smooth but soiled wall opposite him. He allowed his eyes to follow the fine line, where the wall and ceiling met. The vague grey coloring of the walls and ceiling, where the edge helped form the corner, did not seem to give the corner any terminated point. It gave Glenn a feeling of relief to know that the room was not so solid that one could not escape it, if necessary.

The distant ominous voices of the big guns, were very difficult to distinguish from thunder, except that, now and then, the deep sonorous sounds were not followed by the characteristic echo effects of thunder, or those of rolling drums.

Keyes's eyes began to flicker nervously, again. He did not need to ask Marcel the distance of the guns, now. Their sounds had grown intimately louder. Glenn ignored them and reached for the papers on his table. He pulled out one large, neatly folded piece, opened it, and spread it out on the table after pushing the tin cup and bottle to the far left edge. "From experience, I have found this map to be inaccurate. I picked it up in Aden from one of those dirty little trinket and curio merchants. "However," Glenn said, pausing a moment in order to check his map, "I would estimate this place to be about fifty miles from the coast. We're pulling out of here, tonight. It will be dusk in a few minutes. We'll go then. You can come with us if you want," he continued, looking at Marcel and his water bag. "I don't suppose anyone here has such a thing as an army compass?" Glenn asked, keeping his steadfast gaze on Marcel, knowin full well that neither Keyes

nor he himself possessed one.

"Yes, I have one," said Marcel. "It kept me moving south."

"I see," replied Glenn in a complacent manner. Then, with a more hopeful voice, he added, "I suppose, then, that you rather stumbled onto this place?"

"Yes, and you?" Marcel asked.

"I've been here for three days," said Glenn. Marcel assumed Keyes had come with Glenn. "This place is marked on the map," Glenn continued.

"And, you know, that's rather odd. Most of the important places I've been to aren't on this thing. As a matter of fact, the map is rather blank as you can see," said Glenn, holding up the piece of paper for Marcel to view.

"Another thing, the few places that are on this map are marked by a name, but not this place."

Marcel looked closely at the map. It was soiled badly. The place where they were apparently at, was not indicated by a definite black point circled, in turn, by a fine ring, as were the other places, but, appeared to be a vague, irregular mark - nearly as though it were part and parcel of the map, itself, Marcel thought, almost hesitatingly.

The sound of the guns again alerted the occupants of the old fortress. Now, individual explosions could be heard. The flat, hard, wind-blown region had allowed for rapid movement of the transport cannons. Marcel knew, however, that the Turks would find this place only by chance. There could not be but a few scattered British units in the region, and none of them would probably be near here. It was almost dark and the firing would stop soon.

The figures, inside the room, became vague with the fading light. Marcel's eyes were slightly sore from the elements he had faced, all that day. He rubbed them, now and then. This kept him awake. He was very weary, but he knew that falling asleep, now, could mean being trapped behind the advancing enemy lines. Keyes had fallen into a slumber. Glenn had drank a lot, but he seemed not to be affected by it. He too had begun to drowse.

A big gun sounded for one more brief moment, then became silent. The guns would be heard no more, that night, Marcel knew. They had woken Glenn with a start. He stood up, sharply, and as he did so, he kicked back the chair. His awkward movements shocked Marcel, momentarily. "Let's go," Glenn commanded, Keyes awoke after the same manner as Glenn, and reached, instinctively, for his rifle. Glenn made his way to the door, stuffing his papers in his shirt at the same time. Marcel followed him, then, stopped, and looked behind himself long enough to see Keyes rise and hastily come up behind.

Outside, a few stars could already be discerned. It was quite dark, in the yard of the old fortress, but when Marcel followed Keyes out of the place, by the open side, he saw the flat ground, plainly, and the huge dune sharply outlined against the evening light. They made their way around the fort by the wall that Marcel had first entered the place. They trudged up the gradual slope of the basin and as they reached the ridge where Marcel had first stood, he noticed his footprints that he had made earlier. To his right, Marcel noticed the great, flat plain that was the traditional desert scene. In the wide, shapeless expanse, one was able to see a great distance, even at night.

It was too clear. Marcel did not like this. The enemy would have an advantage. But still, it was better than during the day when the sun's rays helped magnify objects, tremendously, in such a region.

The three men walked quickly along the ridge, which ran east and west, until they came to a small group of rocks that ran southward. They stepped up along these, and continued a steady pace, until the rocks changed into a low sand ridge, again. It appeared to be level to the eye, but as they moved along, the ridge graduated in elevation. To the left, Marcel noticed a series of rugged ridges. The light of the evening touched only the high points. Often a light spot would appear quite high, below it blackness dominated so that the lighted point appeared to Marcel to be a heavenly body, which he could almost reach out and touch. In truth, Marcel knew that it was the peak of a high hill, perhaps, more than five miles away. The men were quite elevated now, so they kept off the high places where the light reflected, considerably.

They kept west-south-west most of the night and south as it grew light, in order to keep upon the ridges, because, always, on their right was the inevitable plain. Then, the ridges shifted west-south-west again and gradually descended. The three men kept within the hollows until they reached a long sloping ridge running cross-wise to those they had been following. It was very high and extended south-east to north-west as far as the men were capable of seeing. They began to climb.

The early dim light of the day seeped across the coal-grey sky with its porous coloring, so that this light descended upon the travelers from its saturated source, bathing them gently. And, as Marcel approached the top of this long ascent, there before him lay the answer to the question that Marcel had often asked himself. Why did anyone ever bother to come to this land, at all? He remembered, then, the words of one world-renowned writer and traveler who wrote, "What is, is the realization of all that the five senses can comprehend at once. To describe that feeling to others with the barbaric form of transmission that depends upon the physical to relate the psychological, is a complete impossibility. It is a silence that is heard only by sight. It is a feeling that prevails in the still, cool vacuum of brilliant flame which burns but does not cause pain. It is a strain of enchantment that is sensed far past the echoing regions, in the distance, which are bordered against an ocean of loneliness and which sink without acclamation into its depths. Thus this thing that draws forth the single individual, is that which guides the existing beings of Islam. It is the single whole of the land, it is its single unity within itself, in short, it is its very existence as a being, not as a thing, that portrays its self. And, its self is realized in its serene aesthetic values of the endless expanses, the variegated crags and the rouged dawns."

The three men were standing on the point, the coast, of the uneven land behind them. Ahead of them lay the sea, a red sea. They would have to cross it to reach the coast of the even land ahead of them. Ahead of that lay the sea, the Red Sea. The brilliant flame rose steadily. Its beauty magnetized the men as the candle flame does the moth.

Marcel and Keyes both looked at Glenn. "There is no other way," said Glenn. "If we wait until tonight to make the crossing," he continued, then paused, "well, you both know what the Turks are like."

The ridge descended sharply down to the flat desert floor. As the three men stepped off the descent onto this new level, Marcel again had the feeling of being the object of attraction. What would the playful experimenter do this time? He remembered further words of that famous writer: "Many men have come to this land, strong men, men with excellent minds, men with great wills, men with all of these traits; but, an understanding of the land itself, an affinity for it, how rare this is. It is then, necessary to become part of that single whole self. It is necessary to become, therefore, the single whole individual - not the ordinary individual entity which is merely part of the mass and can represent its difference only by erratical physical means, or psychological means, of which both are, according to one philosopher, the same thing, at present. The single whole individual must disregard the concrete existence of his being, infers that philosopher. Therefore, no results can be obtained by exploitation of the land for concrete existence. Exploitation means a disaffection, a non-affinity.



Marcel awoke from his thoughts. He reflected upon the way the mind moved irregularly. It flitted here and there touching on nothing in particular, leaving perfect that sense of perfection. Marcel looked behind himself. He noticed his tracks in the sand. He noticed those of his companions. He gazed at the two men. They looked weary and somehow inept. He did not feel any different than they did.

Keyes looked at Marcel's water-bag. They had drank a great deal from it. But, Keyes knew that coast could be reached shortly. He was glad that he would have not much further to walk. The heat was at its worst now.

Marcel watched the figures advance. He passed along between them. The white ground below him appeared smooth and brilliant. The figures plodded their way, marring and tearing the white skin of the earth-lady, unveiling her hideous nature. Ahead of him, the figures oscillated in illusory fashion, shimmering, at the same time, in a state of rhythmic semblance. The figures grew smaller. He began to run. He watched the figures as they became very tiny. He felt weary. The heavy outer garment that had protected him from the rays of the high sun, for most of the day, now caused him discomfort. He smiled as he thought of his position now; he laughed to himself. He turned his head around and noticed his tracks where his boots had cut deeply into the smooth, clean, white sand. He distrusted the lady; he distrusted them all; this distrust meant non-affinity, non-affinity while he walked, non-affinity while he left tracks. He turned his face toward the sun, closed his left eye and looked directly into that inferno with the other. He stopped and listened. A big gun sounded for one more brief moment. then became silent. As he turned away from the sun he thought he caught it frowning.

Glenn and Keyes turned around, a few feet ahead of Marcel. Their eyes followed the smooth, clean, white sand to where the body lay, face down, with the weapon of death clenched tightly in both hands.

Paul Sudom



There is a wind that speaks of knowing.
don't let it fool you. it knows no more than I.
it laughs at sorrow.
give it time.

And if it scatters leaves
 beneath your feet
trample them.
walk on.

I have heard voices laughing, sometimes
without restraint. but when I turn
and pause and wait for more my ears
are filled with wind.

I cannot stand the sight
 of twisted trees
that too is wind.
it will have us all as gnarled and gaunt
as them.

And it will fill our eyes with dust and turn
our tears to blood. and laugh.

* * * * *

I cannot understand
why
no one sees.

I try to tell them but their eyes
are cold and turned
away, their faces exquisitely masked.

My words
trip and fall and lose themselves
and anyway
they wouldn't hear unless I filled
their ears with
perfumed chatter.

If you asked me what life is
I guess I'd say it's
like sleepwalking through
a graveyard.

So many dead people.

Softly
falling
silver
souls
plink ceaselessly
on windowpanes
and tears
of
God
slide
down
the roof.
Faith — lilled
followers
these
once were
but
now
the
aqueous
pear - shaped people
fall
shattered
by
earthbound realities
to
shiver
silently
in
vacant
pools
muddied
by
the
foolish
devil - doubts
of
man.
And
I
who
have
no
power
this
stop
sink,
a
circle - waving
circlet
stick in
hand
to
probe
and
flying
about
my
few
small
grains
of
mind.

SISTERS OF THE PROPHET

- by Beth McLeod

"Beware of trusting women, for it was they who caused your father (Adam) to depart from Paradise, and rendered him up to the affliction of this world."

-Imam Ali

"They are wearers of the veil and have not complete intelligence... Their purpose is the continuation of the lineage of the race."

-Nizam Al-Mulk, Rules for Kings, 1086 A.D.

"Consult women, but whatever they say, do the opposite and it will be right."

-Mohammed, the Apostle of Allāh

"You may find quiet of mind in them, and (Allāh) put between you love and compassion."

-The Qu'rān 30:21

" 'The widow shall not be married until she is consulted, and the virgin shall not be married unless her consent is obtained.'"

"They said, O Messenger of Allāh! How shall her consent be obtained? He said, '(It is sufficient) that she remains silent.'"

-The Hadith

"I have heard that Chosroes had a wife who was a king's daughter. She had been reared in the inner chambers of virtue and had progressed in queenly state from the pavilion of seclusion to his imperial couch. For beauty she vanquished the sun, and her appearance in the king's square had given checkmate to the moon."

-Marzubān-nāma

"Are you less than a speck of dust? Rate yourself higher:
Be a lover and make the riding sun your conquest."

- Hafiz of Shiraz

SISTERS OF THE PROPHET

A shade-spattered walk leads primly past the white stucco of the great house. Beyond the grove of fruit trees heavy with cherries, apricots and quinces, and beyond the hedge of shell-tinted roses, can be heard the flowing of water in a blue-tiled pool, the tinkling of glasses, and the sound of gay, chattering voices. At the sound of an unknown step on the gravel, all falls silent save the pool; when the stranger reaches the terrace, only a few half-empty glasses of cool, sweet sharbat and a lone embroidered slipper betray the vanished assembly.

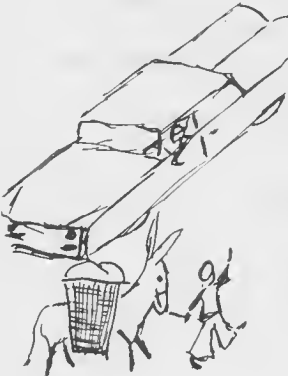
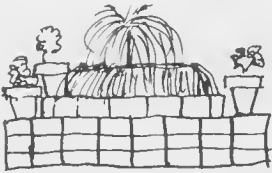
A white-lipped girl walks deliberately down a crowded street, exchanging stares with the curious passers-by who stop to gaze at the defiantly short sleeves of her dress. Suddenly she falls before them, writhing at the impact of the acid thrown onto her bare arms by the bearded mullah who stands over her, grimly quoting the scriptures.

An attractive young Libyan housewife mingles with the other members of national delegations to the United Nations, switching easily from one to another of the seven languages in which she is fluent.

A black-shawled woman slips like a shadow through the dim corridors of the bazaar. She holds her chador, or "tent" close about her face by means of her teeth, her hands beneath it full of packages. At the sight of a foreigner with a camera, she hesitates, curiosity nearly overcoming her, then darts into the tiny walled street leading to her home.

These are women of Islam, followers of a way of life commanding today approximately four hundred thirty-seven million, two hundred seventy-eight thousand adherents¹, making it second only to Christianity in numbers. The origin of Islam lies with a divinely-inspired Arab camel-driver named Mohammed who from a few followers built up a hardy force of the crescent, strong enough to make the world tremble. At flood, the tide of Islam swept into central France, the Sahara, and deep into India.

Islam brought to the world, and especially to the heterogeneous area known as the Middle East where its concentration was heaviest, an

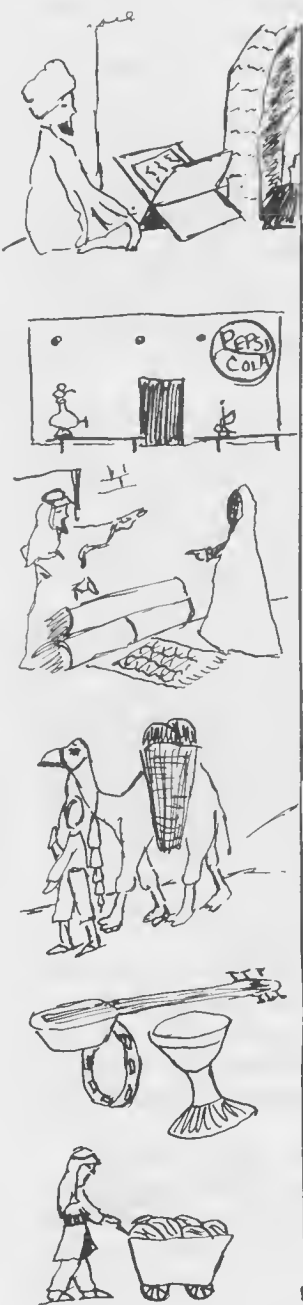


entirely new social system and code of laws. The pre-Islamic position of women was bettered considerably by the new laws of the Qu'ran and later by the traditions, or Hadith, the sayings of Mohammed as reported by his close friends. The hitherto unlimited polygamy of the pagan Arabs was limited by declaring the maximum permissible number of wives to be four. Furthermore, polygamy was rendered an expensive, indeed almost luxurious habit, by the requirement of a dowry to be paid by the husband to the wife after negotiations between the respective families of the bride and groom. The husband's prerogative of unilateral divorce was retained, but a compulsory waiting period was introduced, during which efforts at reconciliation were to be made. A strong moral sanction was also added to the formalities of divorce; Mohammed's preaching, "There is nothing that God likes better than the freeing of slaves, and nothing that he hates more than divorce,"² made conscientious Moslems hesitate. The Qu'ran also contained injunctions to honour women, for "ye proceed from one another;"³ Islamic law raised the status of women from that of mere chattels equivalent to horses or tents, to, if not that of equals, to that of human beings.

As with any novel philosophical doctrine, Mohammed and his supporters had to reckon with and build upon, rather than totally overthrow, the existing social structure. Had they failed in this respect, Islam would have remained an esoteric cult rather than becoming one of the world's major religions. For this reason the emphasis on man as opposed to woman remained in the new religion. The Qu'ran's statement, so abhorrent to the egalitarian westerner, that "men are in charge of women because Allah hath made one of them to excel the other," was merely a recognition of a deeply-intrenched social fact of the early Moslem environment. Man had always provided for and protected woman; therefore the statement of his superiority was a statement of recognized roles. To clarify his position the husband was, it is true, allowed to beat his wife (with a stick no thicker than his thumb), among other privileges; had Mohammed commanded that the Arabs stop beating their wives altogether, he would have met with no success whatsoever. It is also true that Mohammed saw most of those in Hell as women, and that the pleasures of Paradise were nearly all centered around those joys dear to the hearts of men.⁴ In a society where men controlled all spheres save the most narrowly domestic, it was natural that the focus of doctrine should be on things male.

Any religion is potentially practicable on two levels; there are those who follow its laws as written and as intended, as well as those whose practices are coloured by personal interpretations of the rules, intentional or otherwise. It is not so much in the laws as in the implementation of them that the Moslem woman has come to justify, at least in part, the widely-held stereotype of her wretchedly inferior status.

Although the Qu'ran permits no marriage unless the prospective bride consents to the match, the traditional bride did not often refuse, family pressures and social coercion being what they are, especially as her ignorance of the character and often even appearance of her male contemporaries rendered one suggested spouse much the same as another to her. The divorce provisions were also modified by usage; the unilateral divorce permitted to the husband was restricted to extreme cases in the Hadith, but Allāh's strong disapproval, like social disapproval in our society, failed to make a vast amount of differ-



ence in many practical cases. The divorce rate did remain low. Many men preferred to keep their wives in a constant state of 'iddah, the period of attempted reconciliation before the final divorce; by declaring a divorce and then reclaiming the woman just before the 'iddah expired, only to claim divorce again a few days later, the husband could bring his wife into agreement with almost anything. So the logic went. The Shia Moslems, a large segment of the "two and seventy jarring sects"⁵ of Islam, eventually supplemented polygamy with a tradition allowing a man to contract an unlimited number of temporary marriages, lasting for a fixed amount of time, which could be forty minutes or forty years.

The most obvious manifestation of the Islamic woman's position were not only the result of law and usage, however, but of borrowed foreign customs. In the light of a Qu'ranic law prescribing a modest attire for women,⁶ the Greek veil was adopted and eventually became compulsory in various forms. Although in the early days of Islam women took an active part in the military campaigns of Mohammed and his troops, even fighting in the front lines, the Byzantine idea of the harem, the seclusion of women, gradually came into vogue. The forms of purdah, or seclusion, were practised to shield a woman from the eyes of all males save those it would be unlawful for her to marry - her husband, children, eunuchs and so on. The extremity of seclusion varied from place to place, of course. In rural areas, economic considerations often necessitated the inclusion of women in the labour force, while in urban centers, the woman's place was truly in the home, not only robbing her of any opportunity to play a constructive part outside the home, but bringing accompanying problems such as a high incidence of tuberculosis. Her exclusively domestic role barred the woman from education, keeping the illiteracy rate extremely high.

There were, however, compensating elements to being a Moslem woman. Especially in the villages, the payment of a dowry to the bride usually made her the husband's largest investment, so that he was bound to treat her with care. The dowry provided her with a certain amount of in-

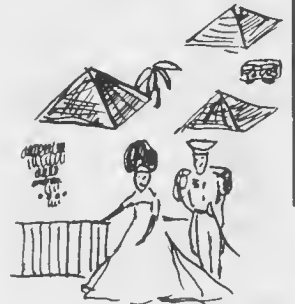
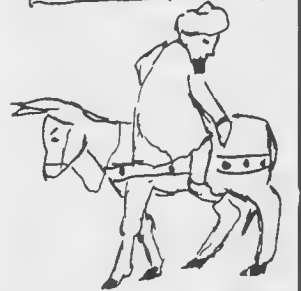
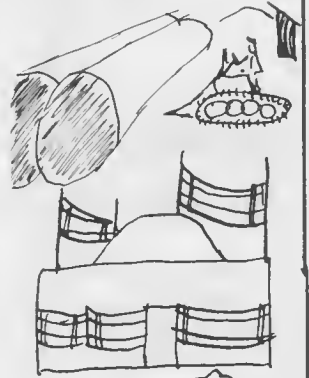
surance if she were widowed or divorced; this placed her far ahead of her Christian contemporaries in the matter of property rights. The Moslem woman could inherit property as well, though only half of what the main male heir received. And of course not all Moslem women were as submissive as the consumptive shadaws pictured above; Moslem society also had its spirited and influential, often hidden from the world in the harem but perhaps sometimes better able to pull strings for that very reason. Such opportunities for social intercourse as the long steamy days at the bath and the close contact of the several wives of one household were welcomed with relish. Gossip and the delights of personal adornment, albeit for a limited audience, were not forbidden; indeed in many sectors of the Islamic world, particularly among the village and nomadic people, the total savings of the family were customarily invested in gold bracelets, amulets and other portable items worn by the wife, or wives, so that the family wealth could be under surveillance at all times.⁷ That the Moslem woman has never been completely downtradden is shown by the existence in Islamic folklore of a well-developed mother-in-law mythology and many traditional henpecked husband tales. The following Turkish folk tale would probably ring a bell in almost any culture:

One day the Hadja [a Turkish folk philosopher] was sunning himself outside the village coffee shop and sipping his coffee with relish. Some of his friends, having apparently nothing more serious to occupy their minds, were having a controversy about the sex of the dove that had brought the alive twig to Noah's Ark.

After a while, the Hadja decided to bring the silly controversy to an end.

"That's the simplest question in the world to answer," he intervened. "There can not be the slightest doubt that it was a male bird. Just imagine any female keeping her mouth shut for any length of time!"

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries wit-

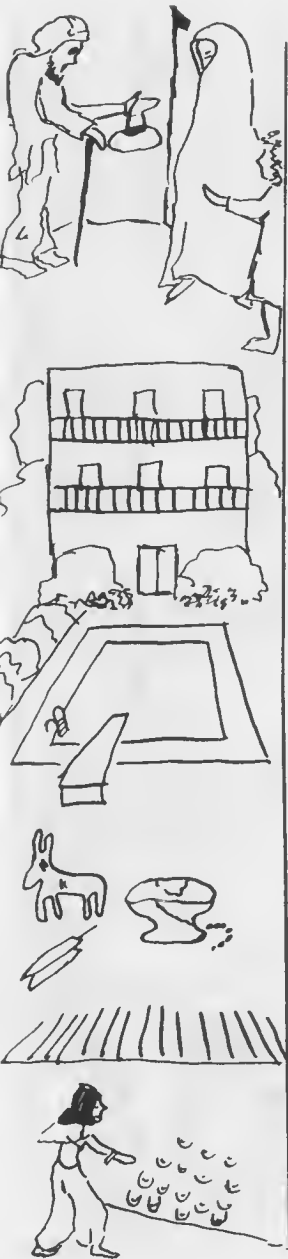


nessed several startling developments which affected political and social changes in every nook and cranny of the world. Rapid change and upheaval shook every nation of the globe.

One of these developments was the growth of imperialism. Even while the older colonies - Canada, Australia, Brazil, Argentina - won independence, the European colonial powers were engaged in a bitter struggle for expansion in Africa and Asia. Although the Ottoman Turks managed to stave off the advance of the infidels for a long time, they, holders themselves of a far-flung empire, fell into a decline; as "the sick man of Europe" they lost their hold on many of their former possessions. Persia was divided into Russian and British spheres of influence; Algeria and Tunisia fell to France; the Mogul dynasty of India collapsed and the country became a British territory; Egypt and the Sudan became trouble spots in Anglo-French rivalry. Indonesia and Malaya, also largely Moslem, became colonies as well. After World War One, the Ottoman Empire was shattered completely, the pieces transformed largely into British and French mandates.

Strangely, one of the largest factors in the new imperialism was a great nationalistic movement in Europe. On the continent, it resulted, among other things, in the unification of Germany and Italy. With the revival of national pride went an increased yearning for colonial expansion. Alas for imperialism, the nations composing the "White man's burden" learned well their lessons, the crumbs of western culture which their imperial tutors dropped to them. Not understanding the principle that the only good nationalism was European nationalism, most of the colonies produced their own brand, which later frequently exploded into revolution.

Taught by their foreign governors that the attainment of European standards was a desirable goal, the colonies identified many elements of western culture with nationalism until they were often indistinguishable. Industrialization, military advancement and greater agricultural production became part of the nationalist ideals. Another one of the elements adopted with the nationalist program was feminism. The great agitation of western women for emancipation and



equality of status had resulted in female enfranchisement, the opening of many professions to women, and so on. As this was identified with western progress, the stirrings of a feminist movement began in Islamic countries.

The first nation to take any strong steps in this line was Turkey. As an involved power in World War One, Turkey was faced with a critical manpower shortage in her munitions factories and industrial plants; women were allowed to take jobs in an effort to meet the wartime crisis. After the war, Turkish women found it difficult to return to the status quo ante bellum. In 1917, the Ottoman Law of Family Rights had been passed by the sultans in an effort to curtail throughout the Empire the tremendous dislocation of families caused by the war; among other things this law had codified the rules for marriage and divorce, and had given women increased rights in such matters as initiating a divorce.⁹ Such nationalist thinkers as Ziya Gokalp began to advocate increased rights for women. Attaturk, the nationalist leader, made steps forward in the advancement of Turkish women by many measures such as banning the veil and introducing female education.

The movement was very slow to ignite and, like all drastic changes, incurred the violent opposition of many people, especially the extremely reactionary Islamic clergy, the mullahs. An American missionary to Iran tells of the murder of the director of a new girls' school in Kermanshah in the early 1920's; one of the local mullahs had promised half of Paradise to the person who would shoot the man.¹⁰

Reza Shah, the western-minded Shah of Iran from 1925 till 1941, adopted a rigorously progressive approach to the matter of the advance of women. By definitive measures such as pulling off any veils he (or his soldiers) encountered in the streets, and such as having flogged the mujtahid who dared to deride the Empress for going to the mosque unveiled, Reza Shah made clear the position his countrymen were expected to take on the issue. Although Mohammed Reza Pahlevi Shah, the present ruler, and Reza Shah's son, has retracted the absolute ban on non-western dress, resulting in a return to the traditional chador for most Iranian women, the feminist movement in its less superficial aspects has continued, until today one-fourth of Iranian university students are women, and women are gaining wider rights continually.

The hard-earned victories of the feminists have often been accompanied by violence and by confusion among the women themselves, to whom it sometimes seems as though they are expected to step from the harem to the senate seat or doctor's office in one dizzying leap. The exchange of a life of seclusion for a professional or socially active existence is too much for many bewildered women, who feel exposed and inadequate. The conservative mullahs and reactionary leaders do as much to foster this feeling as lies in their power; the poor and the older people are their most fertile field, with the result that it is largely among one class, the wealthy, who are more dissatisfied with the old ways and more able to secure the advantages of the new, that the advances are most apparent.¹¹

For the advances are coming. In 1957 a law was passed by the Tunisian government prohibiting polygamy on the grounds that no man can follow the Qu'ranic injunction for impartial treatment of more than one wife; previously this had been interpreted as an exhortation for simple material fairness, that is, if one wife got a new dress, the others should have one too. The ex-



Empress Soraya of Iran is one of the world's best-known social butterflies. Women are assuming an increasingly important role in administering medical care to the large number of women still forbidden to consult a male doctor. Although separate education has in the past meant inferior education for women, attempts are being made in all Islamic countries to raise the educational opportunities for women, largely without the device of coeducation, except in universities. The increasing number of professional and career women is swelling the ranks of the infant middle class. To the western eye, many of the advances in female emancipation seem forced; the granting of the vote to women in Iran, followed immediately by the election of no less than five women to the parliament may seem like a rather well-rehearsed demonstration of progress, but the attempt to exhibit the emancipation shows that at least it is an ideal.¹² It is a fact that many spokesmen for the Moslem countries tend to get slightly over-enthused about the degree of emancipation achieved. An editorial by the Arab Information Service waxes lyrical over the progressive status of Arab womanhood and declares, "The entire modern generation of Arabs supports her,"¹³ which is not entirely true, but again it must be kept in mind that this optimism must be based on a fairly significant kernel of truth.

The juxtaposition, the violent contrast, of old and new are evident in every phase of life of the developing Moslem countries; the amount of ancient and modern varies among the nations as points on a continuum, with Turkey and possibly Egypt at one end, and Sa'udi Arabia at the other.¹⁴ The contrast of wealth and poverty, of tradition and innovation, is evident everywhere. On the streets of Cairo, of Amman, of Beirut, of Karachi, one may see a tight-skirted, high-heeled girl, her nail-polish by Revlon and her education by Sorbonne, in company with a semi-literate, chador-clad woman, possibly her mother or sister. One may meet the female director of the country's first school of social work, one of thirty-two children, whose father's funeral procession was followed by his four wives. One may attend a gathering of New York-educated government officials, some of whom have, and some of whom have not, brought

their wives. The old is not yet completely the new; the affinity for the familiar and the traditional clings yet.

Moslem womanhood marches, not without some confusion in the ranks, towards more complete equality and emancipation. Unless Islamic society becomes vastly more secular than at present, which now seems unlikely, complete equality in every phase of life seems an impossible goal; however, the champions of feminism struggle for further gradual advances, encouraged by the increasing eagerness of women to take their places in the world outside the harem walls. They strive in the hope that an ideal and utopian state of equality and dignity will someday exist. For the ideal and utopian Moslem, as for the ideal and utopian Christian, it always has.



- ¹ Dan Golenpaul Associates, Information Please Almanac Atlas and Year-book 1964 (New York, 1963), p. 441.
- ² Emile Dermenghem, Mohammed and the Islamic Tradition (New York, 1958), p. 47.
- ³ Mohammed Marmaduke Pickthall, The Meaning of the Glorious Koran (New York, 1953), p. 79.
- ⁴ Contrary to common belief, the gates of Paradise were open to women as well as men, although the pleasures of Paradise, such as the presence of ever-youthful and voluptuous houris, were pictured as those which would appeal to men. The presence of the houris shows that Paradise and women were connected.
- ⁵ Omar Khayyám, The Rubáiyát (New York, 1941), p. 165.
- ⁶ Women were warned never to reveal their "adornments" which of course has been interpreted various ways, the most common being that this is an order for modest dress.
- ⁷ This, incidentally, is a tradition which has not helped the cause of savings banks and investment saving in Moslem countries.
- ⁸ Murat Hikmet, One Day the Hodja (Ankara, 1959), p. 57.
- ⁹ J.N.D. Anderson, Islamic Law in the Modern World (London, 1959), p. 54. The Ottoman Law of Family Rights is still in force in Lebanon and Israel.
- ¹⁰ Personal letter of Dr. John Elder, American Presbyterian Mission to Iran.
- ¹¹ This is in striking contrast to the largely proletarian nationalist movements of the west.
- ¹² The election of some of the male members to the Majlis was undoubtedly arranged equally as carefully.
- ¹³ "The Role of Arab Women," The Arab World VII (June/July, 1961), p. 2.
- ¹⁴ At the Sa'udi Arabia end of the continuum, there is still to choose between the author's choice and several other countries such as Yemen and Afghanistan, who fall next in line.

LADIES OF VANITY IN APPRENTICESHIP

Two of them,
Sharing their weight with the cornerstone,
Pulling on their Exports through two-bit holders,
Looking,
Searching,
Exhibiting unsophisticated sensuality
And camouflaged stocking runs,
Wondering...
Is it worth three-fifty?

Sam Mark

* * * * *

HER ONE SCORE TEN

Near Nature she came,
Midst savage wilderness.
The forest was virgin...
She was not.

Whiteman's diseases extinguished her parenthood.
T.B. first, then C_2H_5OH .
Helpless.

To whiteman she turns with hope.
Generously, three bastards gave he her.
Frustrated.

She to Nature reverts
From whom she deserted.
Nature has she offended
And demands a penalty severe.

They found her on the stubble.
Over her breast were gorey tracks
Made by whiteman's powered cats (D-19).
Sniggeringly, "Inquest held!" they said.

Close was the forest, virgin no more.
She fulfilled her desire,
Near Nature she went.

Sam Mark

the movie transports you
into a world of unreality
and he is there too
with tears in his yes

the symphony rises to a crescendo
and her hand clenches
tighter and tighter about
your arm
then seems to break as
your emotion does

he makes you laugh
you had been so blue
she says nothing
but understanding is in her eyes

she walks a mile
to bring you a book
with one paragraph to appreciate

he brings you a rock
from the mountains

she searches many hours
through sand and rippling water
for driftwood

he brings you one rose

my friends
I love you

Lynne Seavy



ACT II

(an unactable play in two scenes and an interlude,
by R. G. H. & mad associates)

SCENE 1

Time	6:05 on a dreary summer afternoon
Place	Upper downtown Saskatoon
Characters	BUS DRIVER I.B.M. COMPUTER (ELLEN's old "flame") LITTLE OLD LADY SLOW JOE POLICEMAN ELLEN VAMPIRE BARTENDER T.V. ANNOUNCER CONDUCTOR
Other Props.....	MUSICIANS BUS PASSENGERS AUDIENCE FLOCK OF ALLIGATORS

Stage center depicts one of the city's main streets which slants from stage right to stage left so that the street's center line is just left of front stage center.

The musicians and conductor are in the orchestra pit but are strangely silent.

As the curtain rises a great big city bus roars down the street towards the audience. At the same time a five foot long, four foot high and one foot wide I.B.M. COMPUTER drives a bicycle (from a side street) determinedly towards the path of the oncoming bus. The former begins screeching to a halt but hits the cyclist and finally stops just a few feet from the edge of the stage. A middle-aged, uniformed bus driver steps out and...

BUS DRIVER

(angrily)

"What in hell do you think you're doing riding in front of my bus? I would think an I.B.M. Computer would have more brains than to do such a stupid thing."

The I.B.M. COMPUTER in grey-metal silence rolls a few dials on his front panel. He checks for free movement in his single arm, his two tubular feet and says nothing.

BUS DRIVER

(flustered but still angry)

"Look what you have done to my beautiful bus! I'll probably be reported to the F.U.I.B.D.* Do you know that? Do you even care!"

He tries to straighten his dented bumper and the bent licence plate. The I.B.M. COMPUTER moves a little to stage left - beside the bus's left front wheel. An elderly woman's shrill voice is heard from inside the bus.

LITTLE OLD LADY

"Get your dirty hands off me you - sex fiend!"

A middle-aged man's voice hesitantly follows.

SLOW JOE

"But I - I didn't mean to touch you. I was j-j-just helping this lady off the bus so she could see what happened."

LITTLE OLD LADY

(taking any excuse for an argument)

"Do you not think I'm a lady! You insolent young creep. I'll teach you how to treat an innocent little old lady. Take that and that and - that!"

SLOW JOE, a car mechanic wearing a red checkered shirt with not-too-dirty overalls, crashes backwards through the bus's front window and lands heavily on stage-front center.

The LITTLE OLD LADY rushes out the door with her umbrella in hand. She hitches up her long dress and begins to stomp on prostrate SLOW JOE. She is wearing all black from her small flowered hat down to her over-sized baseball shoes.

SLOW JOE attempts to defend himself but is quite taken aback and doesn't exactly know what to do.

The I.B.M. COMPUTER, still feeling groggy after his encounter with the bus, slowly withdraws himself and his bicycle to the outside of the gathering crowd. (i.e. left of front center, towards the middle of the roadway.)

SLOW JOE

"Help! Lady - ow - please stop - ouch - jumping on me! Help me someone! Help!"

*The Federal Union of Incompetent Bus Drivers.

LITTLE OLD LADY

"Shut up and take your medicine you juvenile delinquent. Imagine trying to do what you tried to a poor little old lady. God have pity on your soul."

SLOW JOE moans and hollers but she keeps on stomping.

The BUS DRIVER and some passengers have formed a semi-circle around the one-sided fight. Others poke their heads from the bus's door and its broken front window. Betting favours the LITTLE OLD LADY.

A distinguished but greying man in a black suit steps out of the bus. The suit is in a style of the late 1800's. Although the weather seems warm, he is wearing a large, flowing, scarlet-lined cape and an elegant top hat. He is a vampire by profession. He helps a striking young blond (ELLEN) down from the bus and proceeds to find a ring-side view of the proceedings. The girl is in a short, light-coloured summer dress. She seems to be the only one disturbed by the violence.

A high-pitched whistle begins being blown by a rather pot-bellied POLICEMAN who lumbers through the standing crowd and begins to separate the LITTLE OLD LADY and SLOW JOE. He is wearing a standard police uniform except for skin-tight pants and baseball shoes.

POLICEMAN

(excitedly)

"Break it up. Break it up! Do you hear me? Lay off!"

(to LITTLE OLD LADY who has stopped mutilating SLOW JOE)

"What do you think you are doing? Why on earth are you stomping on this poor man?"

LITTLE OLD LADY

(prodding SLOW JOE with her umbrella as she speaks)

"'Why am I stomping on this poor man?' How can a little old lady like me pick on such a monstrous goon? Can't you see that?"

(She begins prodding the policeman in his stomach)

"Don't you realize that he has just assaulted me?"

The POLICEMAN is silent. The LITTLE OLD LADY thinks that this means he doubts her.

LITTLE OLD LADY

"Do you mean just to stand there and imply that he didn't assault me? Why you microcephalic idiot, you're no better than he is!"

The LITTLE OLD LADY knocks down the POLICEMAN with her umbrella and then begins to stomp on her new victim.

While this takes place, SLOW JOE is helped from in front of the bus by ELLEN and the VAMPIRE. They move him to the sidewalk on the right of

the bus. SLOW JOE is unconscious. They try to revive him and attend to his wounds. The VAMPIRE controls himself remarkably well at the sight of blood.

POLICEMAN

(trying to protect himself)

"What are you doing?"

LITTLE OLD LADY

(stomping)

"Defending myself, you insolent dog!"

The crowd is applauding for the LITTLE OLD LADY.

POLICEMAN

(groaning much like SLOW JOE)

"Ow! Help!"

Then trying to defend himself, he trips the LITTLE OLD LADY. Taking advantage of his fortune, he now begins stomping on her.

The people hiss and boo. A few calls of "police brutality" are heard but no physical action is taken up by them.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(between screams of pain)

"Where - did you learn - to stomp like that?"

POLICEMAN

(easing up a bit)

"At the 'Y' - where else?"

LITTLE OLD LADY

"What do you know - so did I."

She doesn't indicate at which one.

POLICEMAN

(stopping and beginning to help her up)

"Well I'll be damned. Then we're like - (using the 'large' word sheepishly but still quite exuberant in showing off his vocabulary) like fra-ter-nity brothers."

LITTLE OLD LADY

"Yah, kind of - I guess (an uncomfortable pause). How about us forgetting our little - uh - argument?"

POLICEMAN

(hesitantly)

"Well O.K. - Sure. Put 'er there. (They shake hands vigorously) Friends?"

LITTLE OLD LADY

"Friends."

The crowd lets out a few low disgusted groans and the bus driver begins herding his passengers back on the bus. He realizes that it would be difficult prosecuting an I.B.M. COMPUTER for the bus damages. The I.B.M. COMPUTER realizes this as well and so he picks up his bicycle, deposits it down a near-by sewer and walks to the nearest bar - Kellie's Bar stage left. It has a large vertical neon sign suspended over the door.

LITTLE OLD LADY

(Straightening her dress)

"Let's go in (indicating Kellie's Bar) and have a Tom Collins to celebrate our agreement."

POLICEMAN

"Well - I'm on duty but"

LITTLE OLD LADY

(with a coy smile)

"Come on, it's just between friends."

POLICEMAN

(seeing he can do little more, agrees)

"O.K., but just a little one."

They stroll over to the bar. The crowd is still not in the bus.

ELLEN

"Are you all right, Joe?"

SLOW JOE

(slowly)

"Yeah - I guess so."

ELLEN

"You know if you hadn't tried to help me on the bus, you wouldn't have bumped into that little old lady."

SLOW JOE

(hoping he will get some more pity and attention)

"Sure, honey sure."

ELLEN

(calm but determined)

"Please, don't call me 'honey'. We have just met today."

SLOW JOE nods his head to agree.

ELLEN

(To VAMPIRE)

"Sir, will you please help me get him somewhere where he can sit down and rest."

VAMPIRE

"Of course. The nearest place is that bar over there."

ELLEN

"I guess it will have to do."

Supported between ELLEN and the VAMPIRE, SLOW JOE moves past the front of the bus and across the street to Kellie's.

BUS DRIVER

"Come on! Get on board. We haven't got all day. I've got a schedule to keep."

Just as the VAMPIRE, SLOW JOE and ELLEN enter Kellie's the BUS DRIVER climbs aboard and revs up the motor. To get up enough speed, he backs up about ten feet and then "floors it." With the grace of a pterodactyl the bus clears the orchestra pit, lands in an aisle and roars off to an exit. An usher politely opens a door and bows as the bus exits.

At this point some of the audience panics. There is not curtain.

INTERLUDE

The immaculately dressed conductor springs to the top edge of the orchestra pit and shouts to the audience.

CONDUCTOR

"Pipe down! Shut up you'll wake the alligators!"

It is too late. A green head emerges from behind and drags him down screaming.

The musicians who were seated are now standing in the flooded orchestra pit. There are more stirrings heard in the mire around them. (No wonder the conductor refused to play "O Canada".)

One alligator's head pops up and devours a trombone player. Another begins to ingest the piano player - baby grand and all. The remaining players drop their instruments and music and begin to flee for their lives.

While this is happening stagehands calmly begin setting up the props for the next scene. It is their attitude that whatever a musician does is of no concern to a stagehand. (Different unions, you know.) The white line and pavement are rolled up and carried off; lamp posts disappear up into the former sky; new

walls drop into place; a long bar slides in at an obtuse angle (lower stage left) with the I.B.M. COMPUTER at its right end and a BARTENDER watching television on the far side of it; a few tables with red and white checkered tablecloths are scattered about the stage. One table at middle stage right has the POLICEMAN and the LITTLE OLD LADY seated at it. (They are carried on stage in chairs by the stagehands.) An exit is on stage right. ELLEN, SLOW JOE and the VAMPIRE enter just as the alligators begin climbing out of the pit and start towards the audience. SLOW JOE is walking by himself now. The VAMPIRE and ELLEN sit to the right of the I.B.M. COMPUTER (he takes up three stools). SLOW JOE, in order to control matters, leans over the bar and inaudibly asks for a gun. The BARTENDER hands him a Thompson Sub. SLOW JOE strolls to stage center and ...

SLOW JOE

"All right, now nobody move and no one will get hurt!"

SLOW JOE lets out a few bursts of machine gun fire and kills any alligator who as much as pokes his nostrils above the water. He jumps down from the stage (by chance not into the orchestra pit) and begins kicking alligator corpses into the water. He tries to calm down the audience (as much as anyone can while carrying a sub-machine gun).

SLOW JOE

(to actors)

"On with the play!"

SCENE 2 (as the plot sickens)

ELLEN who has recognized it was HER I.B.M. COMPUTER has moved over to the right of him and has sat down on a corner stool facing the COMPUTER and the audience.

ELLEN

"Were you trying to kill yourself when you ran into that bus?"

I.B.M. COMPUTER

" 'To be or not to be: that is the question...' (Hamlet III.1)"

ELLEN

"You shouldn't say such things. You knew our love could never be. (beginning to sob) You knew it could never last...some day...somewhere a man - a human being not just a machine - would come and claim me for his own. (She has been watching too many late night movies. It has gone to her head.) Yet you persisted in thinking that we could make it together. Why...?"

I.B.M. COMPUTER

" 'But there is never a fair women has a true face.' (A. and C. II.6)"

ELLEN

"I never said or implied anything that I ... we ..."

I.B.M. COMPUTER

(not heeding her and walking to front stage center. He is resolved to finish the job more dramatically.) "'I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell.' (As You Like It III.2)"

_____"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.' (J.C. III.2)"

_____"...I die ...' (Hamlet V.2)"

This last speech is spoken as he walks on and falls into the orchestra pit. A splash along with a few appropriate gurglings and glubs are heard as he sinks out of sight. The remaining alligators make little noise as they tear his framework to pieces.

There is near silence as SLOW JOE clambers up onto stage right and proceeds towards ELLEN who is standing at stage center crying.

SLOW JOE

"Well it ... I mean he's gone."

ELLEN

(with a few sobs)

"Yes, I'm afraid that's the last - I'll ever see of him. (to no one in particular) Oh, why ... why did he do it?"

SLOW JOE

(to himself)

"It couldn't be better for me. Now no one is going to cramp my style." (to ELLEN) "Don't you feel tensed up at all? I mean to say, wouldn't you like to relax a bit?"

ELLEN

(trying to clear her voice)

"Yes, I do feel quite jittery."

SLOW JOE

(wanting to get away from the VAMPIRE who might just "cramp his style")

"Well how about us going somewhere, say - a little more private? I mean just you and me Come on, what-do-you-say?"

ELLEN

(she is looking towards the place where her I.B.M. COMPUTER has gone)

"I wouldn't mind going with you, but no. I'd like to stay here a while yet yet."

SLOW JOE

(thinking he's just got the brush-off)

"After all I've done for you. On the bus... That old bag... (he be-

ckons with his thumb over his shoulder to the LITTLE OLD LADY and the POLICEMAN who are making love* at, on or under* the table stage right) Well of all the ..."

The rest becomes a mumble as he exits stage right furiously (with anger even). ELLEN still is in shock and his words have no noticeable effect on her.

The VAMPIRE brings two cocktails to a table upper stage left. He then takes ELLEN by the hand and leads her to a chair at the table.

VAMPIRE

"Have a bit of this (indicating the drink). It will make you feel better."

ELLEN

(drying her tears)

"Thank you. (After a pause she attempts some small talk) What do you do for living Mr. uh..."

VAMPIRE

(quickly)

"Hugh - Victor Alexander Hugh, but just call me Victor. Is that all right? (ELLEN nods agreement) To answer your question I am, actually I should say 'was' an actor. I've played on many a stage but that was a long time ago. I'm retired now. And you..."

ELLEN

"Oh I'm a secretary for the Rand Travel Agencies. It's not a bad job but after a while it gets ever so boring. The best part about it is that I get a free vacation each year. This time I'm going to fly to the Cape Verde Islands."

VAMPIRE

(taking advantage of the situation)

"The Cape Verde Islands - Why I'm going there myself."

ELLEN

"Really? How ... oh Victor what time is it? My plane leaves seven tonight and I don't want to miss it."

VAMPIRE

"What a coincidence - that's my plane too. I've got 6:30 so we had better rush if ..."(he starts to rise).

ELLEN

"We ...?"

VAMPIRE

(sits down again)

*These choices are left to the discretion of the director.

"Well it could be so much more fun if we go together. That is if you don't mind me coming along with you."

ELLEN

(a bit undecided)

"Of course not... It seems funny, that's all. I mean we just met and we are going to the same place...at the same time."

VAMPIRE

(smiling a little)

"It's no use questioning fate. Que sera, sera. Well we'd better go. Bartender, my check..."

ELLEN and the VAMPIRE are just getting up when the BARTENDER silences them.

BARTENDER

(as he turns up the T.V. set and puts up a raised hand)

"S-s-s-sh-h-h!"

ANNOUNCER ON T.V.

"The enemy has penetrated our defence lines. Halifax, Toronto, Montreal, Vancouver and Winnipeg have been reported being bombed. All are advised to evacuate the city immediately. It seems we are next!"

An atomic bomb explodes front stage center.

" - the rest is silence." (Hamlet V.2)

Robert Holmberg



ONZE HEURES

Vite coucher!
Lave la face
Sault au lit soit endormise
Avant tu pense au temps
Que tu le verras -
Jamais.

H. L. Perron

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

I have a little devil
His face is very red
He stands upon the table
Beside the orange bed.

His horns, his spear and sweet sneer
I like them very well
And when I push his head down
A sign says "Go to hell".

My devil is so friendly
As cheery as can be.
Yes, you might say his friendship
Is truly warming me.

Now you can have your angel
And you may take your church
But I will keep my devil
He'll leave me in no lurch

And best of all, he's truthful
He's got no pitch to sell
So when I step upon his head
He tells me - "Go to Hell".

Judy Mason

ÉTUDE

In the silence, in the sweet winging

sea silence crashing down

our damp singed bodies meet madly

drowning the spinning sound,

not sweet to meet and doom
destinations decree
back to the sea
always the sea.

Come softly and tread my anatomy

I ask only tenderness the

creeping firefilled touch

not even the music changes only the

words

Darkness is easy

your features reduced to lines.

Only the daylight is difficult.

Blanche Goldberg



SWAN SONG

by Judy Mason

The dear old university,
December 11, 1963.

Dear Lynn,

God, it's been ages since I've written you. No real excuse. For a while this term I thought I was in love, and that was damn time-consuming, but things have now settled down into a sedate friendship. This guy was sort of amazing, and certainly affected my life (also my idiom of speech, I just realized). We did the maddest things. For no particular reason, I remember one day that we were in a sort of summer cottage. I, though I couldn't tell you why, was wandering from room to room; and old Chris was lying on this yellow bench (one of those affairs that is set into a bay window) singing "la Mer" as though it was his swan song. He can't speak a word of French, mind you; for that fact, I have my doubts about his singing ability, but that didn't faze him in the least. Funniest thing is that it sounded sort of French, you know, sexy - despite it all.

Chris found this big spike in the yard and was trying to tell me it was one of the nails they'd driven through Christ's hands. God! It was a hazy, choppy day. As we were leaving we met a little kid, and Chris told him not to go near the cottage because the lady that lived there was a witch. Did he run! When I got back to residence I hadn't eaten all day, and nothing seemed real anymore. Except maybe Chris. But we're no longer in love. Think possibly we like each other too much for that.

University is kind of funny at times. Guess this is what comes of being in my final year. It's weird without you and Jan, anyhow; sometimes I feel so cut off. I start wondering what the hell is the purpose of all the bloody societies I run around for; and then suddenly I can't understand the point of taking courses, or getting a degree, or in entering one more tired old bull session. Only in moments, though, please realize. What mostly gets me is this feeling that everything is moving away from me. Since all you kids left, well, it's not the same (that's logical, at any rate). The buildings, dull colouring, and all the atmosphere of this place are still in my bones, but I'm haunted by shadows. This feeling is escaping me now, but about two sentences back I knew exactly what it meant to never be able to go back to something; to a particular place or mood. Somedays I wish I could stop time.

Guess I haven't said much, but that's it for today. Write sometime and tell me about life at Queen's.

As ever,



P.S. If you are passing through the city on your way home at Xmas, for God's sake give me a call - 695-1475.

Home sweet...
Jan. 3, 1964.

Dear Lynn,

So you think I am changing. I wouldn't argue that. But what direction do you figure the change is taking? You were very non-committal, my friend! Thanks for the congratulations regarding my scholarship. How did you find out I'd been awarded one?

I was surprised to hear that you don't like Queen's as much as our 'alma mater dear'. It always struck me (much as I love it here) that the atmosphere was kind of cloistered and unhealthy. Thought that going somewhere else would be like breathing fresh air.

Being home is queer, as always. It's about the only permanent thing in my life, but I'm always restless while I'm here. Much as I love my folks, I'm never too happy at home; it seems to produce a muted depression in me. I'll be glad to be on my way. University hardly seems real, though; guess it's because I'm moving between worlds so different that when I'm in one it hardly seems possible the other exists anymore. Somedays life is a dream; I just float along.

Saw Jackie in town the other day. Also Abby (remember her?) That made me feel weird, too. Here they've gone out into life, and the university they knew no longer exists, or some such thing. Do you get what I mean?

Lordy! How could I forget? John got married...yes John! The old romeo of English 101! It makes me sad; despite his faults I was kind of fond of the guy, and I'd lay any money that he's not ready for marriage. I meant to tell you that he'd left university about three weeks before Christmas exams. He was taking mostly phil. courses, and said something about that he just didn't feel he was getting anything out of it. Being John, his exit was, as you can imagine, pretty dramatic. He stopped talking to everyone and then disappeared for a week. He returned one day and walked about campus mysteriously (I think he'd been reading Camus' Outsider). He said he found everything empty. Frankly (and cruelly) I think he's just never been able to accept the fact that he has a mediocre mentality and that he was, is, and always will be a C student. Last year he could attribute his low marks to all the stunts he, Ken, and the guys used to pull; but he had been working hard this year, and no change was evident. 'Als, poor John; I knew him well.' He was so phony, yet he was a great guy.

You know, as I sit here, I no longer want to get involved with all the aches and pains of the many many clubs I belong to. Why the hell should I knock myself out for a bunch of people who likely don't give a damn? It's all the wrong attitude, but the way I feel at the moment. I'm running myself out of my own life, for heaven's sake!

Mother calls to say the macaroni is ready. Home! How did you know that Dave and Roma were having an affair, by the way? Who is your source and what nasty things have they said about me?

Love Jen

P.S. I am changing again. Had you noticed?

My room,
February 9, 1964.

Lynn,

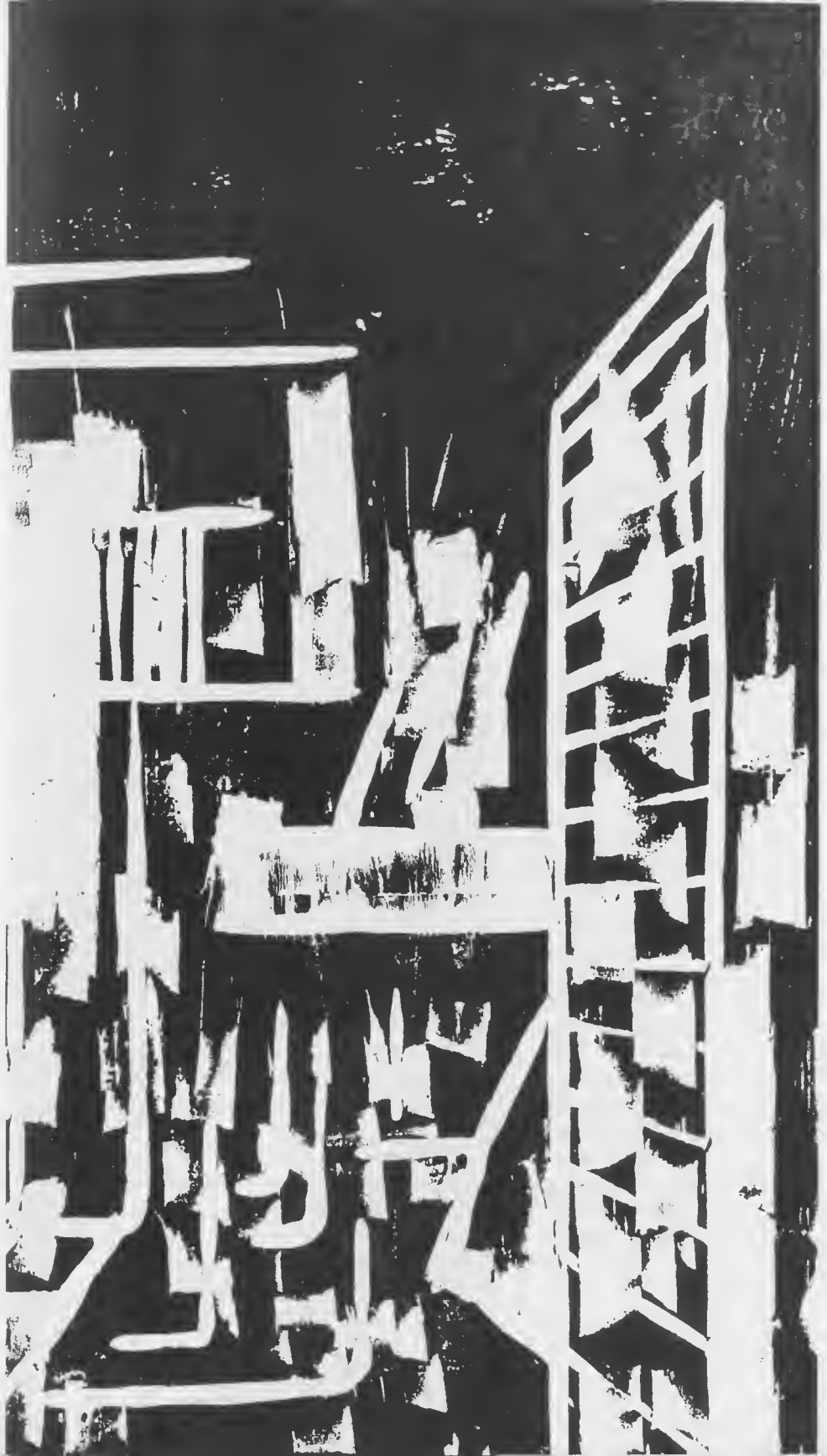
Feeling completely detached (or unreal - whichever you like) as the coolest Bach record imaginable swings in the background. Your letter surprised me again. Was it just a moment of nostalgia, or do you still think life here was all that great? Furious that I was out the day you came through. Haven't seen you (o my soul's confessor) for a very long time. But then, what could we have said to each other in a couple of hours?

The current sensation here is that Vicki Fry (you don't know her...she's the assistant dean this year in residence) had a man (yes, one of the male species) stay overnight in her suite last weekend. Horrors! Our moral foundations are rocked! (They tell me). My, my. It was just classic, because old Katie B. stated at one of her (compulsory) meetings (when she was dragging us all over the coals, as usual) that she knew the type of rumour going around (she always claims to know every damn thing, and in fact her spy system is pretty good) and that what she and the assistant dean did was their own (damn) business. Can you believe it? And Miss Fry was at the meeting, natch!

Which makes me think of a good scene. Picture Katie B. crawling across the floor (on hands and knees, the whole bit) with (the unknown to you) Miss Fry following hard behind. Doin't what? Trying to catch some guys attempting a raid. Funny? You'd better believe it! Their attempt was unsuccessful (Miss Fry's and Katie B.'s attempt, that is) but the discipline committee has since tracked them down and Al Balantyne and Sandy Scott have both been rusticated for three weeks. Don't know how you are supposed to feel about something like that.

Lynn, I don't know how to go on with this...don't know how to tell you. The other day a phrase (clause?) just appeared in my mind. It was... 'and the careless days slid into oblivion'. It sums up the way I've been living. I couldn't tell you why I've done any of the things I have done for the last three years. I finally decided that if I couldn't get more meaning out of university than I was, there was no sense in going on. There's a limit Lynn. Don't hate me, and don't be sad. Today I quit university.

Jon



STREET CORNER

In the centre of a group of people
I stood with the rain stroking my forehead,
While their brows were furrowed in the attempt
To discern the traffic light's green command.
Obeying mechanical whims, they halt
And move as they are told, never seeing
The rain wash away time's wrinkles of dirt
From the sidewalk, and ease the frown of the street.

Running through life, directed by the wink
Of insensitive signals, they miss the sight
Of rainwater rushing wrappers and trash
Towards the gutter's awesome finale.

They swim another stream, following
The undertow, neither fighting the current,
Nor questioning which way it carries them.

Robert Mondy Currie

SNOW FLAKES AND MEN

(Written on the night after Kennedy died)

Have you ever watched the snow falling
silently on a windless night, each flake
floating earthward, catching the rays of a street
light for a moment? You stretch out your arm
and catch one on your mitt. How beautifully it
sparkles, flinging back the cold blue shafts
like no diamond can. Then it's gone. You catch
another, and another. They find their moment of
joy, and die away. They leave nothing to remember
them by. Like men, each is different, yet unlike
men, each is the same. Each man flings back the
cold blue shafts. A moment, and only a moment,
in eternity is his. Yet in some, the rays are
stronger, surer, truer. They melt away and die.
Yet the eye that has seen cannot deny their brilliance.
The heart that aches with a love that's lost --
Cannot Forget.

Rodney A. Russell



THE WIND CHIME

Ester knew it was still raining by the puddle drops on the tar and gravel roof of the Esso service station. She sat upon a wicker chair, pressing her nose into the screen of the window. She studied the lumbering purple building across the street; she studied Drinkle No. 3. Wet powdered dust on the asphalt reeked, and she could smell it even from her fifth floor window.

A wind quivered through the tiny wire squares of the screen and her pale skin shrank a little at the chill. Ester was not accustomed to even so slight a chaff of nature; as a child, she had never been one of the numberless who played out-doors on the sidewalk, and now, she never left her room except to dispose of the garbage.

Ester used to go down to Eaton's every Monday to buy her groceries, but she so hated the fat women with their great feather hats and the little urchins with black rubber boots heavy with clods of mud and the bad breaths and the shrill pipings of the old ones, and, above all, the nauseating green janitorial dust peppered about the floor just before closing time when the men were sweeping up. Ester had always stayed till closing time, afraid to go back onto the sidewalk once she was inside the store. She would shake and chatter and be ill for a long time after she got back to her room, so that Maude, the woman in the second room down on the right bought Ester's groceries now, and took them to her.

The wind made the curtain flutter a little then rose and fondled the wind chime hung from the ceiling in front of the window. Tinkling lingered in the wetness. Again, the curtain swelled; again, the squares and triangles of glass met, and produced a haphazard melody. Ester turned to watch the flickers on the opposite wall; they were faint today because there was no sun to play in the miniature glass house.

Her hand reached high, caught the black splashed orange butterfly, made of cardboard pasted upon a piece of glass, and swung it back and forth. Symphonies swam in her head. Now, it would be better to study Drinkle No. 3.

She would start at the top and save the best until last. Stone flowers and vines crawled along the roof. They, in fact, had first given Ester the idea that Drinkle No. 3 was a palace, and housed within it were kings and queens and aristocracy. On the seventh floor, there were ten windows, each with stone flowers worked arch-like into the wet, rust bricks.

Ester saw that all but one had green blinds drawn. Studying the lone, blindless window, she could see a maze of white hair stuck out from behind wine and yellow chintz curtains. The old man leaned on his elbows, the skin of his arms sagging. He looked down upon the wet-licked asphalt. He was the court wizard.

The sixth floor served as a nursery for the infants of the courtiers. Ester thought it an oversight on the part of the royal architect that Drinkle No. 3 lacked garrets for the servants. She reflected that they must live in the basement.

The fifth floor windows were much the same as those of the sixth. White blinds with tassles sewn along the bottom were drawn. The tassles bobbed sometimes when a person on the other side brushed by them, undoubtedly the

Duke or Duchess of Drinkle.

Although these windows were directly opposite Ester, she remained an undiscovered observer, and little wonder. She had no eyes, or at least when one looked at her, one did not notice any eyes. But her nose was sharp and hilly, her skin pale, almost grey. Ribbon lips matched her skin just as bias tape matches the main garment.

Motionless, she sat, and the tinkling died until the street raucus flooded the room; it hammered her ears; it riddled her brain with little bits of sound shrapnel, and suffocated her with the exhaust of a thousand miles of traffic.

Ester watched an overalled man cross the street below and take shelter under the awning of Drinkle No. 3. The C.I.L. Paint Company had stacked cans of bargain paint in the window. He read the prices three or four times, and, when the rain had subsided a little, he splashed on again towards the city centre. Ester reflected that ordinary men should not be allowed near Drinkle No. 3, least of all men in overalls.

With that, she lolled her head around, saw the clock, the plastic gladioli, and the garbage bag, nearly full. She envied the trash, for it always went down to the main floor, and that was the most wonderful floor; at least, it was in Drinkle No. 3. What was more important, it got to the first floor without meeting a single decrepit old lady, without having to cringe awkwardly past the bloated elevator operator with the permanent cigar growing from his mouth.

Her head lolled back to its original position. She reached, caught a butterfly wing, and swayed her arm back and forth as if tolling an iron bell instead of tinkling the wind chime.

In the roof puddles, rain still pocked, but in the wicker chair, Ester had forgotten the sky and everything under it but the wind chime. The nymph sounds seeped into her pores, delicate as little lapping waves. They soothed from her the street, and she shifted onto her knees in order to see the second, third, and fourth floors of Drinkle No. 3.

A white spiral staircase with a gold railing wound down to the fourth floor. Feathery pink drapes fluttered from one window, and Ester knew that this must be a lady's chamber. Ester had once seen a black amethyst in a jewellery shop window on Second Avenue. That was along ago, and she could not even remember the name of the shop, but she reflected that in Drinkle No. 3 there were rooms full of the ebony crystals; perhaps, there were pearls; perhaps, diamonds. She knew that only the monarchs of the Drinkle Kingdom would possess such rare jewels.

Between the third and fourth floors, a sheet of cardboard been tacked to Drinkle No. 3, and the elements, specifically the wind, had ripped and tattered it until it looked apple-shaped rather than square. The Drinkle coat of arms, thought Ester. That wet splotch where the rain had soaked through the corrugate was a lion, and that streak caused by the trickle from the window sill of a room on the fifth floor was a sword. The cardboard coat of arms delighted Ester.

A rattle at the door woke her to a stench floating in the transom of hot ammonia mingled with that of burnt sausages. Filmy Ester walked noiselessly to answer the knock.

"My deara," said Maude, "I have burnt these sausages, and my garbage

bag is full and I wondered if you would let me put them in yours?" She tipped the frying pan; the charred meat thudded into the bag. "Goodness, my deara, years is nearly as full. You and I shall both have to go on a dumping spree soon, or we shall be up to our necks in garbage." If Ester had been capable of laughter, she would have shrieked at the high circular rouge blotches on Maude's cheeks, and at the ludicrous gold plastic thongs at the base of her age thickened limbs. But Ester did not laugh. Ester never laughed.

She clicked the door after Maude and, looking down at the garbage bag, she sighed. She would have to go out soon, to dump it. As she padded back to the wicker chair, she deliberately brushed against the wind chime with her head. It began to tinkle lightly.

She had left off at the fourth floor. The third had gold and black letters on the windows. That, she decided, was the business centre of the Drinkle Kingdom. The second floor, because it had the date 1916 and a Latin inscription over its centre window, was the Monarch's chamber.

Finally, the last had come. Ester thought the best floor was the first, for The Drinkle ballroom was on this floor with red billowed velvet curtains and tinkling chandeliers and tapestries like the ones in the picture of the ballroom in the tattered issue of Ester's Life magazine. Brocades had waltzed and silks had wept in this room. Ester could never quite decide whether she would rather be a pink brocade or an emerald green silk when she went down to the Royal Drinkle Ball.

The door rattled again; again, it was Maude.

"Well, my deara, I made this potato salad and I made too much for one person so I thought you might want it."

"No, thank you, I'm not hungry."

"Oh, but you better eat, my deara, else you will go crazy, like those men over at the Drinkle."

"Which Drinkle?"

"Drinkle No. 3, you know, the one across the street. Well, the janitor's wife (they live on the first floor, you know) was running around with this other men, you see, so night before last, the janitor was drinking." With that Maude dropped a cellophane candy wrapper into the carbage bag. "Still haven't taken the trash out, eh? Neither have I; such a lazy day, with the rain. Well, anyway, he went home and fo---"

"Who did?" Ester's voice was like a sliver, thin, uneven.

"The Drinkle man, he went home and found her with this other man, so he took him up by the neck and knocked him through the glass door that goes into the paint shop on the main floor, and my deara, the police had to come, and---well, mans! They are all crazy." For a moment, Maude stopped blethering and watched uneasily as Ester's pale face grew more and more weary. "My deara," she asked, "are you all right?"

"Yes," came the slivery reply.

"Well, you just eat the salad and you'll feel better. I'll come later for the bowl."

Ester clicked the door after her. She removed the covering from the salad, took a spoon, and scooped the vinegarish lumps into the garbage bag. Dull light from the window fell upon the spoon. Ester held her breath, her head tilted a little. She so hated the smells. She could see the greasy pat-

ches showing through the brown bag where Maude had dumped her hideous sausages. She could bear the bulging putrid bag no longer. She must dump it, even if she had to go into the long hallway, even if she met someone.

The wind quivered and lifted the curtain, tinkling the wind chime ever so gently, but Ester picked up the garbage bag and padded out into the hallway. The bag crackled and scratched. Ester carried it as far from her body as the thin arms allowed. At the end of the hallway, she could see the glaring red bulb with the word "EXIT" written upon it, only the "I" was missing, and had always been. At least, Ester could not remember a time when it had been there, but then, Ester remembered little these days, and that with difficulty.

Dull clouds framed in the exit grew closer and closer until she could see the symmetrical black rungs of the fire escape, then the long body of the disposal chute.

She stepped onto the rungs and approached the chute. It was a black tarred caterpillar writhing along the fire escape. Cavities the size of man holes gaped two and one half feet above the rungs at every floor. Rotten tomato, dried pork and beans, Campbell soup cans, and sprouting potato peelings fell through its intestines towards the square concrete incinerator set upon the pavement. Like hot breath, the stench of burning wastes filtered through the mustiness of the rain.

When Ester dropped her bag, she envied again the thudding bundle in the cylinder. She stood a long time until she could hear the thudding no more. She stuck her head into the cavity, but it was black. And in her head were faint wind chimes.

They grew until the cenotaph clock struck six times. But when the muffled notes ceased in the moist air, Ester's wind chime did not. The garbage chute was no longer a tarred coil; it was a nugget path with candy cane stripes spiralling to the first floor, to the court of Drinkle No. 3 and what was more important, there would be no crotchedy lavenders with canes, no permanent cigars.

Ester lifted one foot into the chute, and using the weight of her right leg for leverage, she swung the other leg surely until she sat on the edge of the cavity, her head sticking out above it, her nose rubbing the warm chute, but she did not turn her head. How easy it would be. Just one visit to the Royal Drinkle Ball to see the waltzing brocades and the weeping silks. There would be no mud heavy rubber boots at that ball, no janitorial dust upon the floor, no overalls.

Her woollen smothered feet dangled into the cylinder; it was still raining; the rain fell upon Ester's hair and trickled down her face until her bones, in fact, seemed damp, but the chute would be warm. She had but to draw her head into the cavity, as a turtle would draw his head into a shell, and she would have a warm, dry journey to the first floor, the best floor. Slowly, simply, Ester drew her head down and in. Her fingers grew limp; she let go of the edge; the journey began.

Drinkle No. 3 tiptoed and clinked. Ester heard all the wind chimes of the world. Each carpenter, each fire escape, each urchin, each lavender, each bloated elevator operator tinkled in the clear tone peculiar to its own shape of glass, and thickness, and length.

* * * * *

Minutes later, Maude shuffled down the hallway, stepped deliberately over the warped baseboard of the open door, and dumped her garbage bag into the chute. She almost tripped on a ratted wet flap of linoleum when she went back in.

"Oh, my deara," said she, "it is still raining."

Edna Sample



OUT OF THE WHITE WASHED SAC

Out of the white washed sac we spill
Severing the milky cord
Seeping into a darkened womb
Hugging the egg shell wall.

Away from the downy breast we jerk
Still thirsting the colorless ale
Thrust into the midnight cell
Sucking a plaster doll.

Down from the nightgowned knee we fall
Leaving an ivory hand
Tottering into a black pitch hell
Joining the boxed-in land.

Blanche Goldberg

THE COIN

The coin
was gold
bright gold
it sparkled
like love's eyes.

How like my love.

And I gave it away
my love
and the coin.

His sweaty hand
closed over it
and held tightly
his hypocrisy
and lying
tarnished it.

He grinned at me
selfish
reaching for me too.

I gave
to feed the lie
Live it!
Live it!
and I did
the wonderful lie
the horrible torture
and it bled me
but I gave
all
loveselfsoul.
What more?

He took
Like wealth
it fed him.
My soul
fed his
his greedy lust.

Love is lost
they said
the mucked-up world
the atom bomb
and love,
they've destroyed love.

The coin
no longer smooth
or shining
a lump
of deformity.

He threw it at me,
my feet stumbled over it
and all was lost.

I lay
a patient
etherized
on the table
and Time
cut out
the burning cancer
not all----
it grew
still grows
until inside
all decay

Cut, cut
until I am hollow,
an empty carcass
floating on the endless sea
of life.

And still
I toss
in waves that batter.

Dagmar Wiss

reaching
arms outstretched

up
to the probing sun
to feathery cloud
to sky

the power
the majesty of the earth
beneath me in rocky peaks
jagged straining mineral
aspiring

to God?
to wanton majesty?
to the spirit of loving life?

for me
to show me love
and the beauty of that love

Lynne Seavy

SONNET I

It's oft' at night I lay in bed awake
And ponder matters much beyond my sight.
Just what's life's game and what is there at stake;
What value must I place on worldly might?
Is there a final judge of right and wrong,
Or do I answer only to my land;
A pillar solid founded, prose and song,
Is this the only tower that will stand?
Eternity--is't but the rhyme of fools?
Do I exist but three score years and ten?
O speak thou timeless stars; thou depthless pools;
A birth, a life, a death, a grave, and then?
Decaying flesh and whitened bones! Men's choice:
Remember or forget. I'll have no voice.

Rodney A. Russell



I prefer ta tell af it an grass
an a hill beneath bright Califarnia stars
ar an a sunlit Califarnia beach
eans remaved fram peopple and cars

And afterwards
earth's imprint in my skin
her hair's a mess
with bits af earth and wind.

Ken Bawman

— F I N —

